

A CURIOUS WILL CASE.

Testator Was Insane and His Friends Did Not Know It.

The probate court has had before it one of those cases, plain to lawyers, but puzzling to psychologists, which has never ceased to recur since wills existed and mental capacity has been closely studied. A shrewd man of business, who has accumulated a small fortune and is perfectly able to take care of it, makes a will which on the face of it shows no trace of infirmity in the testator. His solicitor sees him in the course of preparing the will, and thinks his client entirely sane. He often meets his client after the will is executed, and he sees no reason to consider anything seriously amiss with his mental condition. Of one delusion—the notion harbored by his client, Mr. Hounsell, that he was the son of the late Lord Onslow—the solicitor became aware. But, later, Mr. Hounsell said that he had forgotten about it; and he left on his solicitor the impression that he was sensible, shrewd, and level-headed.

When, however, his papers were examined at his death, it was found that his mind had long been honeycombed with gross and wild delusions. He believed that he was related to the late Lord Onslow, and he had been engaged in voluminous correspondence on this subject with members of the royal family, prime ministers, and public men of all sorts. He was under the impression that he had had a quarrel with Prince Christian, and that many members of the aristocracy had set their minds upon his not obtaining the Onslow estates until he apologized. His life had been saved, he believed, by a favorite horse, which never failed to lash out at those who would have murdered him. His delusions seemed to have increased and multiplied. Of Lord Salisbury, he wrote: "I am told he is my cousin." In another letter he remarked: "I have been informed that I am related to members of the royal family." He penned letters to the queen and the prince of Wales, asking pardon for supposed offenses; and he believed that attempts were being made to bring about a marriage between himself and Miss Mary Anderson.

For years, it was clear, he had harbored the rankest and grossest delusions, but he had kept them locked up in his breast. Rarely were those about him permitted to detect what were, it is now revealed, his abiding fancies. We do not wonder that Sir Francis Jeune refused to recognize the will of Mr. Hounsell—from one point of view a sensible man of business, from another a hopeless lunatic. Nor is it to be doubted that the president did wisely in refusing to order payment out of the estate of the cost of executors who had before them a mass of correspondence full of unequivocal marks of insanity. The interest in the case is that in many respects the testator was perfectly sane, and that the scope of the will was unobjectionable, except so far as it passed over relatives.—London Times.

SHE TALKED LATIN.

A Dead Language That Lives Again in Boston.

Perhaps after all the comic papers have some foundation in fact for their continued slurs, under the guise of jokes, as Boston women on account of their "blue-stocking" proclivities. I had never believed that examples were common when they made obtrusive use of their learning.

Yesterday in a Back Bay car there was an empty seat beside a young lady, evidently of that much-discussed class, but who gave no outward appearance of it. To be sure, she had gold-bowed eyeglasses, but there was no azure blue halo visible, nor was she in any degree prim. A young gentleman, evidently a stranger in town, was about to take the empty seat, when the car gave a sudden start, causing him to crowd the lady.

Touching his hat, he politely begged her pardon. With a slight inclination of the head, she replied:

"Fas omne est."

I have no doubt my face looked a little blank with astonishment, but the expression on that young man's countenance was a study. A sort of amazed look came into his eyes, as, drawing a long breath which was almost a gasp, he instinctively again touched his hat and murmured: "Thank you," but he was manifestly in terror during the balance of his ride.

That young man "won't do a thing" but tell stories of Boston women when he reaches home.—Boston Post.

Must Practice on Some One Else.

"Frau Amalie, I love you!" "How often have you said the same thing to other young ladies?" "I swear to you, you are my first love!"

"O, just beginning? No, thank you!"—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

There is one striking difference between the alligator and the crocodile; the alligator never leaves fresh water, while the crocodile often goes to sea, presumably in quest of an island, which instinct tells it is not very distant.

HE HAD TOO MUCH CHEEK.

And a Voracious Young Woman Relieved Him of a Portion.

John Savoy, of Red Oak, Ia., has forever eschewed womankind, mainly because a cannibalistic specimen of womankind recently chewed Savoy. It seems that the festive John was on his way to pasture new in Oklahoma. Shortly after his arrival he encountered an apparently friendly female, and together they wended their way to a wine room. After indulging somewhat in the flowing bowl, the "lady" demanded some coin. This John was not willing to give. "Oh, you dear, you darling, you duck; now I just know you are going to ante up, aren't you?" queried the new-found friend, to which John replied, in Iowa parlance, "Nit." Thereupon the maiden quietly and without any fuss bit a good-sized chunk out of John's cheek, and spat it on the floor, after which she immediately took her departure to parts unknown. John was inconsiderate enough to yell when he felt those pearly teeth going through his buccinator muscle, with the result that he was promptly ejected by the bartender. John retreated, but presently reappeared with reinforcements in the person of a policeman. A brave charge was made on the obstreperous bartender, and the lost piece of anatomy was finally recovered.

Carrying the gripsack in one hand, and the detached piece of his jaw in the other, he sought the city dispensary. To Dr. Newcomb he proffered the simple request that he should reunite the two parts of his cheek, for he declared that they had a mutual attachment for each other, and disliked to be separated. Much as Dr. Newcomb would have liked to grant this favor, he was unable to do so, owing to the length of time that had elapsed since the playful carousal of the departed maiden before the man reached the dispensary. Inasmuch as this time was mostly consumed in an effort on John's part to convince the bartender of his right and title to the detached portion of his anatomy, John naturally feels aggrieved and departed for the Union station, declaring his everlasting hatred of women in general and St. Louis in particular. All Dr. Newcomb could do was to sew up the hole in the man's cheek, and thus enable him to express his feelings with proper emphasis. He will be disfigured for life.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENCE OF THE MOSQUITO.

That Much Maligned Creature the Friend of Humanity.

There are four truths respecting the mosquito which modern science has established:

First—A mosquito cannot live in air free from malarial poison. Untainted air has the same effect on him as a healthy community on a doctor. It deprives him of patients, and he must go to less favored localities to practice his profession.

Second—The lymph, which flows through an automatic valve when it inserts its proboscis, contains a modified germ of the malarial fever, and, according to the well-settled law of inoculation, the introduction of the weak germ renders harmless a subsequent attack by the strong germ.

Third—The mosquito never swallows human blood. It cannot. The fact that its body becomes discolored and swells, while probing, is caused by the discoloration of the lymph in contact with the blood and the muscular effort of inserting the probe.

Fourth—A mosquito will never insert its lancet in a person not susceptible to an attack of malaria. In this respect its sense is more accurate than the most skilled and experienced pathologist. This also proves, not only its unerring instinct, but that it never wounds unnecessarily. Its thrusts are those of a skilled and humane surgeon, and even more unselfish, for hope of a fee never quickens him, nor does the malediction of his patient deter him in the fulfillment of his duty.

Remember, then, that the presence of a mosquito is an infallible sign that malaria is in the air, and that you are exposed to it, and when you hear that well-known but solemn note of warning, do not treat him as a foe but as a friend.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Tailless Rabbits.

In a part of the proceedings of the Biological society of Washington, just issued, Dr. C. H. Merriam describes a very remarkable small, short-eared, tailless rabbit, which has recently been discovered on Mount Popocatepetl, in Mexico, at the height of about 10,000 feet. This singular animal, which, instead of moving by leaps, like an ordinary rabbit, runs about on all-fours in the grass of the mountain, has been named by Dr. Merriam *Romerolagus Nelsoni*. The clavicles in this new form are complete, and not imperfect as is usual in family *Leporidae*.

Birds That Live Long.

The raven, eagle, parrot and swan are centenarians—the latter sometimes living 150 years.

WOULD BRAND THIEVES.

Penitentiary Bill Now Pending in the Kentucky Legislature.

There was recently introduced in the Kentucky legislature a bill providing for the branding of all burglars who were committed to the penal institutions of the state. The measure directs that all such convicts shall have the letter "B" branded on both cheeks during their incarceration. The purpose of the father of the bill is to separate criminals from honest men.

Its probable fate is a problem. It has many supporters and many enemies. Chief among the latter are the optimists who believe that criminals can and will reform under proper influences and circumstances. In such instances, they claim, the branding



A KENTUCKY IDEA.
(How a Branded Thief Would Look.)

would be an outrage. It would prevent a man leading a decent, honest life, even if he was so inclined. It would also, they argue, drive men to more desperate crimes after their release, for the brands would be a barrier to a life of anything save crime. Of course, the mark would be valuable frequently as a means of identification. For instance, if a Kentucky gentleman should be returning home in the early hours from a sociable game of American draw at his club, or some other little entertainment, and should meet a strange man in the hall carrying off the family plate and valuables, all he would have to do to verify his suspicions that the man was a burglar would be to look at his cheeks, says the New York Journal. If the letter "B" stood out branded on each side, he need doubt no longer. The intruder is a thief, and to prove his identity the state of Kentucky has burned in its affidavit that thieving is his regular vocation.

On the other hand, it is not impossible in these days of ingenuity and invention to circumvent the designs of Providence in the form of the official brander of the state. Skin grafting is as common an operation these days as the pulling of an aching molar, and the released convict could, at a reasonable expense, have the brand cut out and new skin grafted in its place. And thus would the ends of justice be defeated. There are arguments on both sides of the measure, and the supporters of each will toss them at each other with vehemence and earnestness when the bill comes up for passage.

HAS HIS HANDS FULL.

The Task Undertaken by Greece's New Premier Is Serious.

Demetrius Ralli, the Grecian hero of the hour, is by far the greatest man in Athens to-day. He has supplanted M. Delyannis as premier, and his counsels are more respected among the populace than those of the king himself. The truth is that Ralli, suddenly arisen to power in the feverish feeling that now prevails in Greece, stands first and foremost with the people, and it is said that his commands are respected even at the palace itself. Ralli is the man to whom all Greece is looking at the present time to relieve it from its difficulties. Of these there are not a few, but the exuberant Greek mind is ready to turn to the first popular hero that presents himself. Ralli seized the opportunity of his life when the Delyannis ministry began to totter. The Greeks, like most other people, are ever ready to receive a new administrator when the old seems a failure. Ralli, feeling the popular pulse, realized that the Greeks, in spite of their reverses, were for the continuation of the war, and he laid out a programme calculated to catch the public sentiment. In the first place he advised a rebuilding of the army so as to continue the war; next he advised a strict discipline to maintain internal order so that the war might be continued. All this met with the approval of the people. Next he declared that the people had been betrayed at Larissa, which also met with popular approval, and then he declared that a strict home government was necessary and that the Greeks must prepare for a desperate home struggle, which in every sense is perfectly true. Ralli does not propose, as he says, to lead the people of Greece, but to let the people of Greece lead him. He declares he shall be guided by the dictates of Hellenism, and says that when Hellenism demands a change of ministers he is ready to comply. M. Ralli was the leader of the opposition and was well known in public life. He has been minister of justice and minister of interior, and is an able lawyer and orator. He is 50 years old, and studied at the University of Athens and at Paris.



DEMETRIUS RALLI.
(The New Prime Minister of Greece.)

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Cupid, the Beggar.



How Love gives a beggar for a little kindly treatment! How many women turn their backs on the little fellow! They give freely of their time and attention to fashion or social pleasures, but seem to regard happy wifehood and motherhood as a mere secondary consideration.

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